

Where & When?

Impossible.

And yet, quite real.

No power, no barrier relevant
when eyes lock
and deep waters move

with landscapes ever-changing,
fortunes good and none.
The candle never to fall

or flicker.

Impossible.

And yet, rooms with light
and music.

Smell of books,
and rain.

Coffee at riverside.
Wool bundle
and cloudless noon.

Impossible.
And yet, vaults and lakes
aglow.

Drunk in the dimensional mountain air,
with a fireplace to laugh,
to cry.

Worlds ripped from anchors
and set to sail
on perfect wind.

Impossible.
And yet, not.

And yet,
not.